was back with the flagon of wine.

"Dearme howodd," said the Duke

"Myword howqueer," sighed the

oh." shouted Nimblewit

Duchess, and took another long

"Oh JOY Your Grace. He says that your ring is beneath this oak tree." And without waiting for ner-

mission he bounded to the spot where

NIMBLEWIT

VERYBODY was stupid in Tura- | thought and bless you-bang! A brillieve it? Well, sire, just look on the spot. "Oh cried Nimble the upper left-hand corner of the upper left-hand corner of wit, and "joy, Little Brother, joy!" and he selzed the idea by the left hind leg and dashed with it to the palace body was stupid and everybody was stupid and everybody was rich except Nimblewit, and he was rich except Nimblewit, with it to the palace burner or the little of the did not receive the idea by the left hind grace," said Nimblewit, "but the little burner or the little of the did not receive the rich with it to the palace burner or the little of the did not receive the rich with the rich with the rich with the rich with the little of the did not receive the rich with t only Boy-in-Waiting to the Third As-sistant Butler in the ducal pantry, and off he sped to the wood beyond the all he had to do was to stir the right garden. amount of suger into the Duchess' coffee
o' morning, and shake the salt on her linen and Nimblewit dug a hole unchops at lunch, and the pepper into der a linden tree and buried them. her soup at dinner. Oh. that was lots more exciting than der that ne buried the flagon of wine-

you might think. I should say so! Last of all he came to a monster oak for if he got a grain too much the and under that he buried the Duchess' Duchess sent for him promptly to very most favorite ring. Such a beaubox his ears-and she was a splendid ty it was! "Lie there Little Brother." boxer. Wasn't that curious? Life whispered Nimblewit and make my was hard for Nimblewit. Everybody fortune for me." was so stupid there was no one to Not many hours later the Duchess lough at his jokes, and his wages for and the Duke set out for a walk. The being Boy-in-Waiting wouldn't buy day was a tiny bit warm and so they anything more than a blouse long sent for Nimblewit to walk before enough to cover the patch in his them as Chief-Waver-of-the-Familybreeches. And what sort of a figure Fan. Now of all the stupid people in could be cut in that among all the Turalco the Duke and the Duchess were quite the stupidest. In fact they

Then came the GREAT DAY. No. had set the fashing stupid in the ducal palace didn't catch on fire, and Nimblewit didn't save the much too stupid to decide where they Duchess' pet canary from the flames, would walk themselves, and so it was and the Duke didn't die and leave all simple for Nimblewit to lead them his scrat fortune to the clever little straight to the wood where he had been in the punitry. Not a bit of it, buried his treasures—simple, mind you, but not easy. For Nimblewit aversal discount of the clever in the punitry of the clever in the clever favorite dinnond ring, and Nimble-wit FOUND IT. Aha, you're thinking, so that's the with trying to follow the path to the wit FOUND IT.

end of the story—he took the ring to the Duchess and got a huge fat RE-WARD. HE DID NOT: WARD. HE DID NOT!

"Walt a minute. Little Brother, wait had to wait until his jaws were boxed minute and let me thir ." he whis- for his clumsiness before proceeding. pered softly to the gorgeous, spark- But at last they came to the wood . ing jewel. And he thought and and passed by the linder tree. Then a

urking insects.)

The Junior Cook

CAULIFLOWER SERVED WHOLE

water for about an hour. (This will | Cook for about 25 minutes. A very

minutes more.

stand head down in a pan of salted flavor is retained.

water the flowerlet side up. This al- in the dish.

bird began to sing. "Eh?" cried Nim- said Nimblewit humbly, "and seven blewit, stopping so suddenly that he hundred pardons, but he says there is almost upset Their Disgraces. "What a flagon of wine buried under this are you saying Your Honor? I AM a thousand times obliged to you for telling me! I thank you—in the name of the Duke and the Duchess."

a flagon of wine buried under this pine, and if you don't mind." away he sped; right and left he sent the soft earth flying and in a minute he

"Villain," shrieked the Duchess. "what are you jabbering to this bird and he took a long draught.

grace," said Nimblewit, "but the little bird told me that there were tarts buried "under the little buried "under the lit thinking that you might." Off he dart-ed, down into the earth he dug, and up and a third little bird burst into song. he came triumphantly, with the beautiful dish of tarts to set before them. "Dearme howodd!" said the Duke.

and he ate one. "Myword howqueer!" said the Duchess, and ate another. And on they strolled. FANCY-as

he had buried the very most favorite ring and dug it up again. When the Duke and Duchess saw

over. Such stupids!

"Oh.



With The Beautiful Dish Of Tarts To Set Before Them

Wash a head of cauliflower and let flowerlets by steam only so the fine if nothing unusual had happened at him bang on both cheeks. And as for the Duke-dukes don't lall.

But just when the tarts were be- do that sort of thing, you know-he second little bird began to carel.

lows the tough stems to cook the local, dot with butter and serve at swer this minute."

water so they will be tender and head, dot with butter and serve at swer this minute."

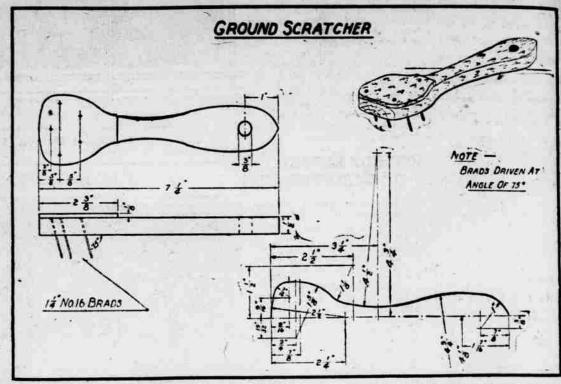
"To vonder bird. Your Disgrace." of smarter folk than Turalec.

ciean the flowerlets and draw out any small head will cook in less time and ginning to make them thirsty, they made Nimblewit Manager-in-General a very large head will need about 7 passed beneath the pine tree and a of Everything-in-Particular in Turalee on the spot. From that minute "Were you speaking to me sir?" Nimblewit was so rich and important

TOYS AND USEFUL PRTICLES THAT IT BOY CAN MAKE

BY FRANK L SOLAR





used the first one.

But this model is very good for another purpose and I would like to from it. have every boy who is following these No one drawing contains all the di- from both sides so the wood around articles lay out the pattern even if he mensions or information required to the hole will not split out. Locate the does not intend to make the model. make the pattern so every drawing points at which to drive the brads or If you have given the toys and other irregular shaped models special ing the main center line, locate the angle indicated. If the angle at thought you have noticed that the forms were laid out in squares. This and one-quarter inches apart. Next not look right it can be bent to suit and not the one used by mechanics in laying out their work. For this reason it will be good practice to try the mechanics way and lay out the work from center lines.

If you have a drawing board the the straight edge of the board and below. Touch up the places where while working.

den in which either vegetables or erect the perpendiculars to the center cut the pattern. flowers are planted this ground line. If a plece of paper is fastened | Plane up a piece of wood to the rescratcher will be found very use-and you will, no doubt, want to

from these points locate and draw the with a pair of pliers.

inch and draw another connecting and pushing up through the handle, with the first, then one and five- The cap may eighths inches one and one-eighth it is suggested that holes be bored pattern can be laid out on a piece of inches, four and ene-half inches, four and it be fastened to the handle with When cooked, lift the head very inquired Nimblewit harking, "What that he dared to undertake curing heavy paper using the tee square and and three-quarters inches, and one small round head screws. The cap carefully from the water into a servthat the cauliflower into the boiling bowl. Put the head right side up, are you telling me? Why how NICE in fact. I'm sure it's all down in histhat the dish.

carefully from the water into a servinguired Atmolewit harking. What
the dared to undertake curing inch. Note that the center lines. It is not necessary, however, to use the dish.

carefully from the water into a servinguired Atmolewit harking. What
the dared to undertake curing inch. Note that the center lines. It is not necessary, however, to use the dish.

carefully from the water into a servin fact. I'm sure it's all down in hisis not necessary, however, to use the
didet." shrilled the Duchess.

carefully from the water into a servin fact. I'm sure it's all down in hisis not necessary, however, to use the
drawing board as any small board
quarters inches radius is located one
With sandpaper round all edges lows the tough stems to cook in the Shake a bit of salt, paprika on the "WHO are you talking to now. An well, that today you would look the with one straight edge will do. Begin and seven-sixteenth inches from the nicely especially the handle so the whole world over for a dukedom full by drawing a center line parallel to end and four and one-eighth inches sharp corners will not bother the user

OR those who have a small gar- then use the common try square to the different arcs join, free hand and

make several after you have made and pattern it will only be necessary to around the pattern. Use a coping saw make one half the pattern as it can to cut to form and finish with a file be cut and a complete pattern traced and sandpaper. Bore a hole in the handle. Bore

sand want

will have to be studied. After draw- scratchers and drive at about the ends of the pattern on this line seven which the brad comes through does

perpendiculars. Set the pencil com- Make the thin cap that covers the pass at two and one-half inches and heads of the brads. This is necessary draw an arc, reset to seven-sixteenth to keep the brads from working loose

Solution To Cut Out Puzzle

When little children dance and play!

And Weenty who so much has done

Mr. Rabbit came hopping up as

"We'll have to be going home!" he

Weenty stood up and board to the

"Thank you," she said. "for your

All the fairles helped her on Mr.

for all the world like a fairy Princess

At the window she begged Mr. Rab-

"I must really help this twig to

uncurl its leaves, now that I know

er Mr. Rabbit tucked her into her

crib. the rustling sounded like a little

And were the leaves uncurled next

with her crown of flowers.

We love the children every one

We'll crown our Queen today."

hey danced about.

OUR PUZZLE

I'ut three cupfuls of water on in a

aucepan and bring to a boil.

DIAGONAL

My first is one of the twin cities. My second is named after a Grecian My third is a city in New Jersey sug-

gestive of a fruit. My fourth is the capital of Texas. My fifth is the capital of Colorado.

in Texas. The diagonal is where the cities are found.

PROCRESSIVE WORDS

Two syllable words; the last syllable of each is the first syllable of the next

word. A purple dye. A thin fabric.

A bird.

Lower. A recluse Hand covering.

Sensitive. 8. A kind of hat.

ANSWERS DIAGONAL St paul aThens orAnge

PROGRESSIVE WORDS-1. Lit-mus. Mus-lin. 3. Lin-net. 4. Net-her. 5. Her-mit. 7. Ten-der.

carefully from the water into a serv-

should be out at last. My sixth is one of the largest cities usleep in her, little crib, sat up with themselves."

he toppled over several times and

surprise. "Tap, tap!" went the maple twig. ty cried. "Dear, dear, I do wish the sun would come out again! I haven't light enough to finish my leaves with and tomorrow

is May Day!" "Be patient," said a voice that sounded to Weenty something like the rustle of the maple itself. "Everything will come in time and your leaves will finish all the sooner for a little rest."

Weenty peeped over the back of her "They're talking!" she said to herself and was just climbing out of bed when Mr. Rabbit's familiar hippityhop sounded on the roof. In another

moment he was in the room. "They were talking!" Weenty whispered excitedly, putting her mouth close to Mr. Rabbit's long ear. "The tree talked to the twig. I heard

"Um-m," said Mr. Rabbit, "that's

not astonishing a bit." "And the twig's most afraid it won't have its leaves in time for May Day. They're only weeny little green nub-

WEENTY'S

a long leaf. She nodded to Weenty

The head fairy smiled happily. "That's nice of you. I'm sure. How

"Whiff!" went Weenty, and open

**** Gale-1 must call you that you are "Thank you, yes, do," the little elf such a good blower. I thank you,

replied gratefully. "I declare it's a My name is Luck." "My name's Weenty, but you can call me just what you wish." Weenty said, "I'm glad I did help, anyway, and that you aren't angry with me for getting you a ducking."

"Why should I be?" Luck asked. You only meant to do me a good turn, and did, too. I would be a foolish person to pout about a mishap. and, most probably, I wouldn't be called Luck anymore, because Luck cried over the fairies voices. always has a smiling face, that's what makes me lucky. But what can I do fairles. for you? Turn about's fair play,

nice song. I have enjoyed helping "Ive rather a hard piece of work." you ever so much. It is quite as much Weenty replied a little thoughtfully, I have to count the minnows, they're fun as play." ever so many and I can only count to Rabbit's back and Weenty kissed her hands to them as she rode off looking

Luck laughed. "Well, that is funny!" he observed. "It's really not as hard as you make it. The minnows can count themselves. I'll show you. bit to stop a moment. He leaned over the edge of the

"Minnows, form into hundreds," he how," she said. The maple tree directed and immediately the min- seemed to rustle its approval and aftnows divided themselves into groups. There now, count," cried Luck. "One, two, three, four, five, six. lullaby.

seven, eight, nine," counted Weenty. "Thank you, Mr. Luck," Weenty "Thank you, Mr. Luck." Weenty morning? And were the flowers all said, "and can I go along with you ready for the children on May Day? and help blow the hard ones for you? Yes, indeed they were, and Weenty is

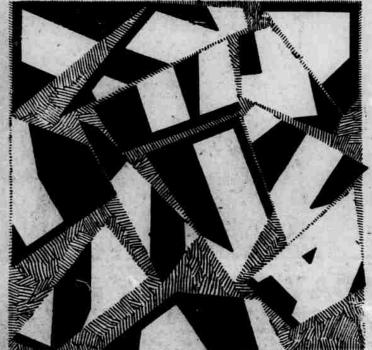
I shall hold on to the grass when you up by fairles.

It was great fun and Weenty took hand at pulling the grasses, too, using a bit of twig to measure the right length. "We'll make a wreath for her." the

fairies said after they were through with their work. "She's such a helptul child!" So they wove her a lovely crown of the choicest flowers and joining hands

danced around her singing as they danced. And this was their song: "The first of May!





nded by shaded parts. See if you

MAY DAY

a very particular one at that for the next day would be the first of "Of course they will." Mr. Rabbit in a friendly way.

the maple tree tapping and tapping at The wood fairies are always putting up on the stone out of the way." Weenty's nursery window as if it were things off till the last moment-a impatient for tomorrow. It tapped so dreadful habit and then get into a spoke up. loudly, at last that Weenty, who was great state trying to catch up with

nice warmish evening and, binses yet. Do you think they will be their chief who was busily writing on think they will be their chief who was busily writing on the shall I try?"

May when all the little flowers assured Weenty, "That's the way with "I'm taking the census," she exhard flower to open." the Vegetable Kingdom, they go into plained. "We are all rather busy this . Well, Weenty thought she musn't There was the little budded twig of all sorts of flusters over nothing at all, evening. How would you like to sit fall in blowing though she couldn't count minnows so she took the deep-"She wants to help," Mr. Rabbit est breath she possibly could and blew.

in that pond, there?"

blew the flower shining and bright "O. I wish I could see them!" Ween- would you like to count the minnows but, much to her dismay, away went the little elf, too, blown quite off his



Mr. Rabbit Came Hopping Up As They Danced About

voods as the moon is nice and bright," "O. Mr. Rabbit, what fun! And can

help them do you think?" Weenty a minute. How they flashed here and family have come open. Miss Southern | The first of May! asked, as she was a thoughtful little there! girl, and always looking for a good turn to do someone or other. That dear me! Which are they I wonder! I

Rabbit answered. "Come, hop on my back and we will be off."

are! Little elves dashing about blow- tween panting. ng with all their might to get the

Mr. Rabbit introduced Weenty to

"Do you indeed? Well, you shall. | "I'll try," Weenty said willingly, and | feet and Kersplash! into the pond then. We can go down to the Dewy ran to the pond. There were the min- head over heels. nows, millions of them, they looked.

"One-!" Weenty counted, "Two-

"O!" cried Weenty in dismay as

Poor Weenty started to count but it she helped the little elf out. was hard work for they were not still "I see the dandelion and all its

putting finishing touches on more fairles uncurling leaves breathed. This dandellon is the hard-tile he enjoyed the advantage of much when Browning was thirty-four years his body was taken back to England and pulling the grasses up to the prop- est thing in the world to open. I've foreign travel and through his traveis of age, he met and fell in love with and placed with due ceremony in he imbibed much of the interesting a very charming lady. Elizabeth Bar- Westminster Afbey, on the last day

ROBERT BROWNING. Born May 7, 1812 is one of the reasons. I believe, that guess I shall have to catch each one makes the fairies like her so. OU have all heard the story of and girls get only by the dint of hard much fame. She returned the poets and label them somehow!" The pied Piper of Hamlin who study. When Browning was nineteen affection and these kindred souls were

She was quite busy at the minnows charmed the rats with his funny years of age his verses were already married. Their courtship and marriage tune, and perhaps many of you being published. And considerable are perhaps the basis of the most weenty got on Mr. Rabbit's back looked around quickly and there was selves. It has been put into very man who had written them. and away they went to Dewy woods a little elf no bigger than a minute charming verse by the poet, Robert Browning was a deep thinker and which lies there and back again from puffing beside her.

Browning. whose one hundred and often he tried to put more thought which lies there and back again from puffing beside her.

Excuse"—puff—"mi—ho-o. I've eighth birthday anniversary is cele-into his words than they could hold. For stands on the Grand Canal in Venice stands on the Grand Canal in Venice lost my"—pun—"breath," he said between panting.

"O. that's all right," Weenty anseventh of May, 1812, and when he

swered. "You aren"t has indeed the seventh of this month.

Browning was born in London on the hard to understand. Some of Brownand there Robert Browning spent the last days of his noteworthy life. flowers opened, little painter fairies swered. "You aren't hurt, are you?" was still very young he began to com- poems which live forever in the lit- On the day that his last book of

"Perhaps I can do it." Weenty said, bits of fact and fiction that most boys rett, whose verses had won for her of the year, 1889,